

GUIDE

TO

CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

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For the Guide to Christian Perfection.

PRINCIPLES OF THE INTERIOR OR HIDDEN LIFE.

No. XXV.

ON THE KINGDOM OF GOD WITHIN US.

LUKE xvii. 19, 20 — “And he was demanded of the Pharisees when the kingdom of God should come. He answered them and said, The kingdom of God cometh not with observation. Neither shall they say, Lo, here! or, Lo, there! for, behold, THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU.”

These last words have at times particularly arrested my attention. They belong to that class of profound and fruitful expressions, which are not read and forgotten, but which adhere to the memory, and give an impulse to the principle of thought. They probably express some important fact in Christian experience, or some great truth in the religious life, which is worthy of being analyzed. Thus Fenelon, when he had sought God in vain, outwardly and discursively, in the woods and in the stars, in the beauties and sublimities of the visible earth and heaven, and by forming conceptions of Him external to himself, in some beatific but distant locality, at last found Him, where he had long neglected to look for Him, seated on the throne of his own renovated heart.

“Thou art, O my God,” he exclaims in his remarks on God’s Operation in the Soul, “operating without ceasing in the midst of my heart. Thou workest there invisibly, just as a laborer works in the mines and bowels of the earth. Thou doest every thing, and yet the bulk of men see thee not. They ascribe nothing to Thee. I myself wandered, and strove in vain to find thee at a distance from myself. I tried, by collecting together in my mind all the wonderful works of nature, to frame an idea of thy grandeur. I sought thee among thy creatures; I did not think of finding Thee in my

own heart, where Thou art never absent. No, there is no need, O my God, to descend into the deep, nor to go over the sea, as say the Holy Scriptures, nor to ascend into heaven, to find thee; for thou art nearer to us than we are to ourselves."

There are some passages in the life of Madame Guion which have a relation to this subject. "God permitted a religious man," she remarks, "who had just come out of a five years solitude, to pass by my father's habitation, and make him a visit. My father, knowing the religious concern I was under, advised me to make my condition known to him, which I had no sooner done, signifying the difficulties I had about prayer, but he presently replied, *'Tis, madame, because you seek without what you have within. Accustom yourself to seek God in your heart, and there you will find Him.*" When he had spoken these words, he left me; but they were like the stroke of a dart, which pierced my heart asunder. They brought to my heart what I had sought for so many years; or rather they helped me to discover what was there; but for want of knowing it, I had not enjoyed it. O my God, Thou wert in my heart, and requiredest nothing but a turning of my mind *inward* to Thee, to make me feel thy presence. O infinite goodness! Thou wert so near, and I ran hither and thither to seek Thee, but found Thee not. My life was a burden, though my *Happiness* was within me. I was poor in the midst of riches, and starving with hunger near a table spread with dainties, and near a *continual* feast. O Beauty, ancient and new, why did I know Thee so late? Alas! I sought Thee where Thou wert not, and did not seek Thee where Thou wert. 'Twas for want of understanding these words of the gospel, 'The kingdom of God cometh not with observation; neither shall they say, Lo, here! or Lo, there! for, behold, the KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU.' This I now experienced; for then Thou becamest my King, and my HEART was thy kingdom, where thou reignedst as Sovereign, and didst what thy will was to have done."

We are brought by these remarks and illustrations to an interesting and important inquiry. In what sense, then, is it true, that God is so really and truly present in the hearts or minds of men, as to render it proper to seek Him there, rather than to seek Him as existent outwardly, and at a distance?

God may be regarded as present within us, in the first place, because all our mental powers, both in their intrinsic nature and in the acts or exercises which they put forth, are evidently sustained by the divine agency inwardly exerted. We do not mean by this remark to exclude or question the doctrine of man's personal agency or responsibility. Undoubtedly man possesses, in himself, a delegated power of life and action; but it is equally true, that he does not possess this power, in any such sense as to exclude the presence, agency, and power of God. It seems to me that God is, and ever must be, most intimately present to all his works. His absence is synonymous with their annihilation. From the nature of the case, he is, and must be, *physically*, if not morally and responsibly, the support, the basis, and the continuance of their action. In this sense God is present even in the heart

or mind of impenitent sinners. He is as truly present, though not in an equal degree, in the mind of the sinner, as in the mind of the saint. The rebellious transgressor looks upward, and hurls his reproaches against God, as if he were in some distant locality, and little does he appear to be aware of what is nevertheless an interesting and solemn truth, that the blessed Being who is the subject of his insane hostility, is intimately united to the very recesses of his own soul; giving vigor to the intellect that denounces, and sustaining the very heart that hates him.

(2.) Again, He is not only present to sustain physically the internal powers and their action, but as the eternal Word or Teacher, the source of all wisdom and truth, he inwardly instructs, advises and admonishes. Operating by divine influences, through the legitimate and appropriate organs of the REASON and the CONSCIENCE, he becomes an inward voice in the soul. He continually speaks; but, alas, he is not known nor heard. The precious intimations of the "still small voice" are lost in the tumult and noise of the unholy passions. He is present, but without being recognized. He loves, but without being loved in return. But still he is there; intimately present to the soul; however depraved it may be, however rebellious and blind. And in the sense of an ever present sustainer of its powers, and as an inward voice, speaking in the reason and in the conscience, either for its weal or its wo, for its comfort or its reprobation, he will be there for ever.

(3.) But we must stop here. It cannot safely be said that he is present in the HEART of the impenitent sinner, except in the *physical* sense. God may occupy the intellect and the conscience in an especial manner, and yet be excluded from the heart. But if he is not present *within*, he is present at the *door*, seeking patiently for admission. "His head is wet with the dew, and his locks with the drops of the night." His language is, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." And as soon as men open the door, by removing the strong and indurated bolt of the world's affections, he comes quicker than his own lightnings, and claims his seat of dominion in the inner soul. It is done so quickly that there is no longer an opportunity to look for him abroad. *There he is*, rejoicing in his recovered position; forgetting and forgiving all the injury and guilt of his exclusion; purifying and beautifying the mansion, which had been stained with the world's dark sin, and rent with its stormy sorrow.

In connection with these views, we suggest, as a practical inference, that in seeking God, we are not to seek him as a *God afar off*. It is his nature to unite himself with all moral beings, where there is not a positive exclusion. He keeps near us, therefore, even in our rebellion. If it should ever be our happiness to know him in that spiritual unity in which his people are made one with him, we shall find him and know him *within*, and nowhere else. Think not, then, of the spiritual kingdom, at least, so far as it has an existence in the present life, as an outward locality. Attach no value to the

New Jerusalem, as consisting of burnished walls and golden pavements, and adorned as a bride for her husband. —“The kingdom of God is within you.” In your souls, if any where in the present state of being, the New Jerusalem shall be set up. There flows the true river of life; there the tabernacle of God is erected. It hath need neither of the sun nor of the moon, for ‘the Lamb is the light thereof.’ “And in it there shall in no wise enter any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie.”

A. K.

For the Guide to Christian Perfection.

LETTERS ON CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—I send you, for publication in the Guide, extracts from some letters which I have received from sister J., of New Jersey. I really think they are too good to be lost, and hope they may be as useful to your readers as they have been to myself. They have been written some months, but the sentiments are the same.

S. T.

DEAR BROTHER,—I will hasten to commence a subject which is of more importance, and dearer to our hearts than aught beside—the blessed subject of holiness. It was truly refreshing to my soul to read your interesting remarks on this delightful theme, and to find that your interest in it has in no wise diminished, but that you are “abounding in love yet more and more.” What a delightful “path” is that of the “just, which shineth more and more unto the *perfect day*.” How exalted the enjoyments of those who with *undeviating* steps pursue this path—this glorious “way which is cast up for the ransomed of the Lord to walk in.” How my soul does love to walk in it, and I often think if there were any other way which would lead me to the realms of bliss, I would not walk in it, even though it were strewn with flowers *unmingled with thorns*. No, I would prefer the “path in which my Savior’s footsteps shine,” though it be a rough and thorny way. The way of holiness should be my choice, though it lead me through the waters of tribulation, and through the fires of persecution. For O, there is so much bliss in the thought of having the *smiles of Jesus* to cheer us, and the light of his glorious countenance to illumine our way. And then, too, when we arrive at the home of the blest to have a seat *near* the adorable Redeemer, and the bright throng of those

arrayed in "white robes"—who "have gone up through *great tribulation*." Now we could not enjoy all these, if we were to walk in any other way but the way of holiness. Had I not chosen this path, I verily believe I should have had more flowers and less thorns strewed in my way; but then where would have been the blissful manifestations of His presence whom my soul loveth—the sacred nearness to Jesus—the sweet communion with heaven—the ineffable blessedness of abiding under the shadow of the Almighty, and being encircled by the everlasting arms! * * * How it rejoices my heart, dear brother, to hear that you are holding fast the pearl of perfect love, and presenting it in all its blessedness as the glorious privilege of the children of God. And how it delights my soul also to hear that some are laying hold of the blessing, while others are pressing after it; and that precious sinners, too, are being brought to a knowledge of Jesus by a remission of their sins. How blessed the results of preaching a *full* salvation! O that all the ministers of Jesus would preach it, and exemplify its blessedness in their life and conversation.

Your sister in Christ, J.

—, January 31, 1843.

DEAR BROTHER,—With a glad heart I take my pen to reply to your welcome letter. It always refreshes my spirit to communicate with those who are truly devoted to God; and I often think how blissful it must be to mingle with the society of heaven, where all are pure and holy, and all employed in the service and worship of the adorable Redeemer, whose presence constitutes their felicity, whose *smiles create their heaven*. Yes, my brother, 'tis sweet to commune with those who bear the image of our Jesus *here*.

"And if our fellowship below,

In Jesus be so sweet,

What heights of rapture shall we know

When round his throne we meet!"

O, my brother, if the occasional outbeamings of His lovely countenance who is the life of all our joys, affords such inexpressible delight, even in this wilderness of wo, encompassed as we are with sorrows, toils, pains and infirmities, what must it be to behold Him *face to face*, and enjoy the *full effulgence* of His glory, ever pouring its radiant beams in ceaseless effusions upon our souls, in that bright and happy world where nought intrudes

to interrupt the joys of the immortal throng who ceaselessly adore the riches of redeeming grace. Sometimes my soul is so enraptured at the thought of being permitted to mingle in that blissful company, and dwell through endless ages in that pure region of unclouded day, that I am ready to mount and soar away to find my heavenly home. I very often think I shall *soon be there*, and though I feel quite willing to tarry in this vale of tears and suffer, and do all my blessed Savior's will, yet when I think of the ineffable delight of dwelling with Him whom my soul loveth, I involuntarily exclaim,

"To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone."
O bear me ye cherubims up!
O waft me away to His throne!"

My health for some time has been extremely feeble, and death seems nearer to me than ever before. O how welcome will be the summons "*to depart and be with Christ*;" for with the holy apostle my heart prompts me to say, "*it is far better*."

We have been graciously favored of the Lord with a copious outpouring of the Holy Spirit during the last five weeks; and within the present month 157 have been added to our church. Ever since our beloved brother S. has been with us, there has been a gradual improvement in the state of things in our Zion. We have been looking for a mighty display of Divine power, for we thought such faithful labors could not but result in a glorious work; and blessed be our God, we were not disappointed. On Christmas day the cloud of mercy seemed to overshadow us, fraught with richest blessings. We then commenced an extra meeting, and every evening since has been signalized by the conversion of precious souls—from two to fifteen every successive evening; and still the gracious work is progressing with unabating power. * * * * I now close, praying that grace, mercy and peace may be multiplied unto you, from God the Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ.

Yours in the Lord,

J.

We thank our brother for the above, and also take this opportunity to solicit of sister J. a renewal of her correspondence direct with the Guide. We say *renew*, presuming we are acquainted with the author. If, however, we are mistaken, there are two sisters J. from whom we should be happy to hear.

For the Guide to Christian Perfection.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

DEAR BROTHER KING,—Feeling a deep interest in the cause of entire sanctification, and that success should attend your efforts in spreading scriptural holiness through our land, I have requested the Christian experience of one of our worthy sisters in Christ, with a design to aid such as are truly seeking entire conformity to the divine law, and if need be to encourage such as have attained to press after still higher attainments of grace, through Him who hath washed us, and hath given his life a ransom for us. Should you think the following worthy of a place in the Guide, you may insert it, and perhaps from time to time you may hear from us again on this blessed subject. C.

DEAR BROTHER,—I have at length made up my mind to comply with your (to me a strange) request, which was, to write my Christian experience. You will find it, as I told you, to be so simple in its nature, that it is better calculated for the eyes of children, than young men and fathers.

I was early taught the principles of religion; my father and mother were pious and devoted members of the M. E. Church. Their house, from my earliest recollection, was both a chapel and home for the ministers of Christ, and for as many as were disposed to *listen to the word of life*. When I did not *love* these welcome messengers, I cannot tell. When first I believed and *loved* the Lord Jesus, I cannot say. The first time I kneeled before him in prayer, and felt his love in my heart, I cannot say. But this one thing I remember distinctly, upon one quarterly meeting, about forty staid at my father's. (As we lived nearly four miles from church, my father always craved the privilege of taking a sufficient number home with him to have a prayer meeting independent of the one at the church.) During the prayer meeting in the evening, the Holy Ghost came down in a powerful manner, and while it sat as a refining fire upon the hearts of all the believers, some prayed, some prophesied, while others shouted aloud the high praise of God. As I sat near one that was partaking largely of the *teeming shower*, I became very anxious and curious to know how she obtained so much. I drew very near to her, put my face close to hers, and found she was praying and receiving at the same time the things she asked for. I then and there resolved to pray as near like her as I could, till like her I should be filled with the divine presence.

I was then ten years of age, and from that period to the present, which has been 27 years, I have endeavored to lead a praying life, and have every day since had a continual hungering and thirsting after God and his righteousness. I did not that evening receive what I called religion; it was not until some months afterward, at a camp meeting, when the light broke into my path so clearly that I ventured to make a public profession of my faith and joined the church. From that period until eighteen years had passed by, I continued earnestly seeking the blessing of perfect love." "I searched for it as for hid treasures, and my constant cry was, O how shall I understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God. I never doubted but that my former sins were blotted out, and the assurance was all the while given me that when I died I should go to heaven. I was seldom under condemnation for actual transgression against a *known law*, and was as seldom in heaviness; so that I could rejoice in the Lord. It was always my object and delight to render a perfect obedience to God in the discharge of duty. Though I did with others feel a great tremor in my system under the cross, still I never took it up without finding in the cup a priceless gem, outweighing altogether the weight of the cross. I was ever groaning to be freed from *inbred sin*, and generally felt its weight the greatest when with all my heart I was striving to break from its power, and was crying with the poet, "Every limb and every joint stretches for perfect purity." Sanctification at this time was seldom preached upon or talked about, consequently I had not the simple, happy theory of faith to aid me, but was all the while (as I see now) seeking it by works; and verily thought, when I had gotten my thoughts, words and actions, so rightly organized that I did not offend with my tongue, I should then enjoy perfect love. Praise God, he did not break the bruised reed, or quench the smoking flax, till the same omnipotent voice and power which said, "Let there be light and there was light," spoke to my inmost soul and said, "Arise, arise! thy light has come, and the glory of the Lord has risen upon thee." The little leaven which was hid in my heart, I knew not when, where, or how, had at length leavened the whole lump, and brought forth a new creation in my soul. Here was a change radical and glorious—*complete regeneration*, entire sanctification, perfect love, an ocean deep and wide, a place of broad rivers and streams. Here was paradise restored; my very flesh and bones seemed imbued with a spirit which was unearthly. I believe had I waked up in the eternal world, the change would not have been much greater or more astonishing to my vision than

what I then realized. The Son of Man came to put an end to sin at a time when I did not expect him; it was while praying in secret by my bed-side, before retiring to rest. The unutterable bliss I then felt continued without the slightest interruption for twenty-four hours, during which time I had no temptation, not even an idle thought passed through my mind, but I reclined on my Savior's bosom, feeling all was safe and secure as the infant in its mother's arms; when, lo! the serpent came, and like *Eve*, I *listened, believed in him, and fell*. Reader, take care how you listen to the enemy of your soul! It was while praying in the same place where I received the blessing the night before, that the powerful assault was made at my soul. It was this: *one wandering thought only*, what that thought was I do not now remember, or should I ever have thought of it again, if he had not made up a lie out of it. He told me no one ever had idle, wandering thoughts while they enjoyed this blessing, and of course I had sinned. Believing this, it brought darkness equal to that of the sun being put out in the twinkling of an eye at noon day. The darkness, the gloom, the horror, and the disappointment, I then felt was as great as the heaven of love which preceded it, and both were exceeding abundant, above all I ever realized before. The most of the night, with many others after it, I spent in agonizing prayer, till at length the angel of mercy appeared, crying, "O thou afflicted! tossed with tempest and not comforted, for a moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. My God will still supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus; not by any works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost." These precious truths sunk deep in my poor heart, and I felt that my spirit was being melted by them like wax before the fire. The Sun of righteousness arose again in my soul, bright as the summer's noontide ray, and from that period to the present, it has never withdrawn its shining, so but that it has been as a pillar of cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night, leading and guiding me to the "Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world." But O, with what slow and trembling steps have I followed this light; how many times have I had to cry, my leanness, my leanness, so slow of heart to believe, and hard to understand the difference between temptation and sin, and that sin did not consist in being tempted, but in yielding to temptation; and not until six months past have I been able so to abide in Christ as to hold fast the profession of my faith without wavering, and reckoning myself dead unto sin and alive unto God,

through Jesus Christ my Lord. I believe had I followed the teachings of the Spirit more fully, instead of taking for my doctrine the commandments of men, I might now have been a giant in the cause, whereas I am but a poor grovelling dwarf. I was advised by those in whom I placed the strictest confidence, to say as little about perfect love as possible, unless it was to those who enjoyed it, (as it would be casting pearls before swine,) and as I seldom met with those who enjoyed the blessing, I did of course say but little about it in public or private. Sometimes in my Christian zeal, the flame of love would rise so high that all around could see the light. This was a great trial to my mind, because I had given my brethren and the world reason to believe that I intended to make a public profession of the blessing. This I did not intend to do, as I had learned, as I supposed, that it would not tend to the glory of God. My chalice of joy at length ran over so often that my trial became a burden too intolerable to be borne, and I had either to make a public profession of my faith, and no longer keep back a part of the price, or give up the ground, with all its pleasant fruits, into the hands of my enemy. Here was war; to give up what I had for so many years learned by the aid of the Holy Spirit, and what I had been gathering, cherishing and cultivating, I could not; and to make a public profession of entire sanctification I dare not, as I thought it would be impossible for me ever to come up to the standard of holy living which was requisite for all who took upon them this profession. At length I resolved in the strength of the Lord on perfect obedience; to uncover the light and no longer to smother it; to bind myself with all I had upon the altar that sanctifieth the gift, and believe that he who had ordered and accepted the same, was able also to establish and keep me from evil, and preserve me blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. No sooner had I put this resolution into practice, than trials, temptations, doubts and fears all fled like chaff before the wind, and it was as easy to believe the promises and obey the commandments of the Lord, as to breathe the air or eat my food! I now saw more fully than ever before that to obey was better than sacrifice, and that God never imparts the spirit of his grace to be put under a BUSHEL. My heart soon appeared like a garden of choice fruit, sealed to all but God. Before it was like a city without walls, or a garden without gates, without any thing to keep off the enemy. Now there were both walls and gates; yea, more, the firm lock and key of *faith* and *good works* were applied, wherewith I have been able so far to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked, and to keep the enemy of all righteousness on the outside of the walls.

Here may he ever remain, and there will he remain, so long as *Faithful* keeps the gate. Praise the Lord, he has given me the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. O may I ever offer unto him the sacrifice of praise, and may I be found under the shadow of his wings. He is my all and in all. I feel to rejoice ever more, to pray without ceasing, and in every thing to give thanks, and do daily taste of the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come. I know the darkness is past and the true light now shineth. I believe, and do continually enter into rest. I believe that I abide in Christ, for I have the things I ask. I believe that I love God and his children, for his commands are not grievous, but joyous. I believe I am walking in the highway cast up for the ransomed of the Lord to walk in. I find no lions in the way, or any ravenous beasts therein; *praise the Lord*. Nor do I see any gloomy vale of death at the end of the way, but the straight gate is there, and over it is written, *Eternal Life*. No frightful ghost is pictured there; no smoke of endless torment rises there; but Jesus, with outstretched arms and bleeding hands, is there; the cross, all stained with hallowed blood, is there; angels in their chariots of love are waiting there, to escort me to the paradise of God. *Glory, honor, praise and power be unto the Lamb for ever*. I believe I enjoy perfect love, for I have no fear, but great boldness, and feel to shout, in the language of the poet, from the tops of the mountains,

“Could I with ink the ocean fill,
 Were the whole world of parchment made,
 Were every single stick a quill,
 And every man a scribe by trade,
 To write the love of God alone,
 Would drain the ocean dry,
 Nor would the scroll contain the whole,
 Though stretched from sky to sky.”

Elmira, Aug. 8, 1843.

A SINNER SAVED BY GRACE.

“O may the gracious words divine
 Subject of all my converse be!
 So will the Lord his follower join,
 And walk and talk himself with me:
 So shall my heart his presence prove,
 And burn with everlasting love.”

For the Guide to Christian Perfection.

SACRED MEDITATIONS.

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS HAVE I CRIED UNTO THEE."

There is a depth of suffering, a bitterness of sorrow, which only the holy heart knows. This sorrow arises from no outward calamity, from no situation in life, from no bodily suffering, but from the approach of sin, the attacks of Satan, who, with his practised wiles, which have been laid and planned thousands of years, assaults the soul, and causes it to tremble, to be in bitterness, in sorrow not to be expressed. He fawns, he flatters, and thus ensnares; then thrusts into the soul the pangs of deadly anguish. Bruised and broken, the soul lies bleeding, panting, struggling. Like Jonah in the deep, it is overwhelmed. "A wounded spirit who can bear?" A soul in love with truth, with holiness, with God, yet in the snare of Satan, what hell so deep, what suffering so severe? O evil, evil! my soul turns from thee. With all the energy of an immortal mind, anew created in God's image, my soul abhorreth sin. This it is that makes temptation bitter. The fear, the dread of sinning. But from this depth of hell, this deep sea of temptation, into which the soul seems to itself to be cast, it sighs unto the Lord; it turns not away from God. Though in a place where God appears to be no longer present, and the soul seems torn away, dis severed from the object of its love, yet does it look toward the Holy Temple. "Out of hell it cries unto the Lord." Such was the sad hour, methinks, when Jesus prayed, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" All, all can be endured, while God is present; but to be where he is not, to be cast out, this is the depth of anguish, the misery of hell itself. O, my soul, remember Jesus' bitter cup, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" When temptation assails thee, and by reason of its power, thou dost feel that God is absent from thee, still pay thy vows unto the Lord, and sigh, and breathe, and look toward his holy temple.

P. L. U.

LETTERS.

The very interesting letters which follow were written by an eminent servant of Christ and a member of the Presbyterian Church. The letters themselves are of great intrinsic worth, but our interest in them is increased by the consideration that such were the sentiments and experience of the author of them more than twenty years ago.

January 21, 1822.

SISTER W.—O my friend! I feel tired of living by halves. God says, "Son, give me thine heart." I respond, O for an en-

tire surrender! Of late, my soul has panted more for *complete deliverance* from remaining corruption than ever before. O for *perfect love*! O for *complete sanctification* in soul, body, and spirit. I do not live as though I had apprehended that for which I have been apprehended of Christ. No, I feel a vacuity within: and nothing, I am persuaded, but love divine, can fill it, and until it is filled, I shall not be happy. O for a breeze, a heavenly gale, to waft me to my Father God — for the filling of my soul with that *perfect love* that casts out all fear; for my *complete sanctification*, so as to be wholly sunk into the will of God. I beg your most earnest prayers. I *believe it is attainable*, and my soul thirsts for it, and until I possess these qualifications, I feel I shall not be fit to be a minister of Jesus Christ, who says, “Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect.”

* * *

June 21, 1822.

MY DEAR SISTER,—Thanks to my heavenly Father, that I can write you in a new strain from what I have heretofore.

How fraught with complaint have my former communications been! How much have I mourned to you on account of *coldness* and *deadness* in my Master's service, my leanness and barrenness. And, indeed, I did not tell you the one-half of my distress and burden on account of *inbred sin*.

No, for my heart was too like a den of thieves, too like a cage of unclean birds; and neither would I distress you with a narrative or disclosure of all my pain. How can I praise my blessed Lord for all that he has done for me! I would take the cup of salvation, and call upon his name, and upon my soul to bless his holy name, for the great work of deliverance he has wrought for me, his unprofitable servant. Surely, he has delivered my soul from the snare of the fowler. Yes, he has set my feet in a large place, and made me to rejoice in his great salvation.

Since I left you, I have had many precious seasons. My soul has drunk from the very fulness of God. I have had a peace running through my soul which has been a continual feast. The Lord has given me power over the adversary, so that when he comes he finds nothing in me. The world, with all its glittering show, has lost its bait. My body is kept under so that my enemies do not triumph over me. I have enjoyed and do still feel a fulness which the Lord has bestowed upon me. Yes, *perfect love* appears to be the ruling principle in my soul, so that I enjoy a little heaven to go to heaven in. Never, my dear sister,

have I experienced so much enjoyment in religion as since the 23d of April last, in the afternoon. That is, and ever will be, a memorable day to me. The kingdom of God, which is peace, righteousness and joy in the Holy Ghost, *was then*, if ever, set up in my heart. And I have no reason to doubt. My experience has been so different from what it was before, and accordant with those who enjoy the blessing, and with the Scriptures, that I have concluded, and do still believe, that my soul enjoys the blessing of FULL REDMEPTION! Not that I am impeccable. No, I may lose it through unfaithfulness. This is my greatest anxiety, but I need not lose my confidence. "My grace is sufficient for thee," is enough to silence every fear. And Christ the king will perfect his strength in my weakness. My mind loves to dwell upon this delightful theme, *holiness*. It is a blessed doctrine. Ah! why did I not come to possess it before? Why? because, like many other professors of religion, I looked for a *death purgatory*, not believing that the *blood of Christ*, and not purgatory, cleanseth from all sin. This is in the present tense; it is sufficient now: and the Lord has proved to me a full, a complete Savior. But shall I stop here? By no means. There is no perfection, except the absolute perfection of God, which does not admit of increase. So, then, may I forget the things behind, and press forward, and not live as though I had attained to all for which I am apprehended of Christ. O! the height and depth, the length and breadth of that which remains for sanctified ones to know and enjoy! The Lord has greater blessings in store for me. Alas! that so few justified ones are convinced of the necessity of a speedy work of sanctification of the heart, when God says, "I will circumcise your hearts and sprinkle you with clean water." When all Christians shall enjoy this, and I think not till then, will they see eye to eye. It is a something better felt than described;—that new stone which no man knoweth but he who receiveth it.

You enjoyed it, without professing it, at least, to me. I am a little surprised at this. You might have enlightened my mind very much. But so it is. You know I often wondered how you could suffer and bear so patiently your trials. But now it is no mystery. Let me tell you that I have blessed God for pain. What a blessed day was last Monday to my soul! I was visited with a severe head-ache, so as to prevent me from study. But the Lord fed my soul with heavenly manna. My heart followed hard after God. Jesus was exceedingly precious—altogether lovely. That affliction was a rich blessing to my soul! You will no doubt rejoice with me, inasmuch as God has blessed

me as he has. O, how delightful is his service! How pleasing is the prospect! I have found what *I have been panting after for more than six years*. I panted, but I panted rather ignorantly. But I was heard by the Spirit, and a deliverance came. Praise the Lord. He is all, I am nothing. The glory of my salvation, from first to last, belongs, and shall be ascribed to the triune Three.

I trust the good Shepherd watches over you for good: he will lead you: he will feed you with rich food, with his own flesh and blood. May you enjoy much of his presence, which is life, and his loving kindness, which is better than life. * * *

July 15, 1822.

MY VERY DEAR SISTER,—Since my arrival at this place, I addressed you testifying to the goodness of the Lord to my unworthy soul. I have to add, to the praise of his grace, that he has continued his favors. Yes, I have tasted, the Lord is gracious. A solid, lasting peace, like a smooth, tranquil stream, has flowed into my soul, as I have glided sweetly along the still waters of consolation. At this time I feel an indescribable peace passing knowledge. Yet, notwithstanding it is indescribable, it is a blessed reality, and known only to those who enjoy the same. We know from happy experience that there is in the love of God a height without a limit, and O that we may sink into that depth, all the depth of humble, *perfect love*.

“O let me gain perfection’s height,
O let me into nothing fall,
As less than nothing in thy sight,
And Christ be all in all.”

Since I came into this blessed enjoyment, my desire has been that justified souls might strive for a deeper work of grace. To this end I have exhorted Christians to leave the first principles and “go on to perfection,” and while doing this, my soul has oftentimes been filled, not only with love, but with power, too. Thanks to the Lord that my conversations have proved, through his blessing, words in season to some. I tell you this, my sister, not from ostentation; no, for my Lord knows, that, Mary like, I would ever sit at his gracious feet, and learn of him to do his whole will concerning me. But I give you the following relation that you may be stimulated to let your light shine more and more, and testify to the goodness of God, who hath set your feet

in a large place. Upon my arrival here, I was led to interrogate myself, where shall I find a kindred spirit with whom I may freely converse upon the blessed subject of *perfect love*, which is my crown of rejoicing in this house of my pilgrimage? By the good pleasure of him who knoweth the desires of his children, I was directed to a rich and green pasture, so that I feel and say with the Psalmist, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." The place where I was led was Trenton, 30 miles distant.

Soon after I entered the church (it was the Sabbath) my soul danced for the fullness that was given unto me. The prayer appeared to be the breathings of a soul full of the Holy Ghost. It reached my heart and did my very soul good. When the man of God stood up to give us his message, my heart went up to heaven for a blessing. He preached from Col. iii. 6, 7. His sermon was food to every hungry soul. How plain was it, then, that the Lord brought me there. I was filled with power at times. Before I went, I knew not that I should meet with any whom I knew enjoyed the blessing of *full salvation*. However, this I was enabled to leave with the Lord, who directeth the steps of those who love and serve him. Behold, at the close of the meeting, the hearts and hands of the beloved of the Lord were opened for my reception. * * * *

I went to the house of a dear man of God, with whom I had become acquainted at a camp-meeting last fall, but I had forgotten him. He recognized me. With him, at his house, I did enjoy a class meeting in the afternoon; a time of power. Here I met with an old acquaintance, a young man, who has enjoyed religion for many years. He saw that I felt engaged, (this is what he has since told me,) and immediately began to inquire why it was not with him as with me. After class we walked out. I told him what the Lord had done for my soul, since we were together before. His sentiments accorded *exactly* with mine, respecting the doctrine of *holiness*. Here, again, was the goodness of the Lord. I found a kindred spirit, inasmuch as he was fully persuaded he might be *perfect in love*. He told me he thought he had enjoyed it once, but had lost it, having mingled with the world too much, and yielded to the entreaties of friends. From this time his desire was to return. I pressed him to return. His heart was opened to conviction. On our way to his dwelling this was our theme; after we retired it was the topic of conversation. Not till after midnight did I close my eyes to sleep. And he continued most of the night in prayer to God.

I left in the morning. He took up the resolution that he

would not rest short of *perfect love*, or in other words, the sanctification of his soul. Thus he continued till the eventful, the most auspicious era in his life arrived. Last Wednesday evening, the 10th of July, I had a meeting at the place where he resided, and a powerful one it was. Conviction seized the people. Christians were stirred up and sinners alarmed, as I have found since. I would tell you more about this, but I must return to my dear brother Drake. He was made happy while I was speaking. After we retired, he told me he had never had, in all his life, so bright a discovery of the heavenly kingdom, as during the exercises of the evening. While upon our bed conversing, the Holy Ghost appeared to fall upon my brother D. 'Twas here — here, that the Lord blessed his soul, and gave him *perfect love*. O how happy he was! He praised God — he shouted, and in a word, became in the Scripture sense, a “little child.” During the remainder of the night, my sleep was disturbed by his expressions of praise.

The next morning the sweet savor was remaining. O how solemn he appeared.

“How happy are they
Who their Savior obey.”

Since that period, he has had happy seasons indeed. I have been with him much, and as you may well suppose, I find in him a bosom friend, and a precious brother in Christ. We have been made mutual blessings to each other. Now we are both ready to testify that God has given us much more than we ever expected in this world. You may now be ready to inquire, “Was this man a Methodist?” No. *He was, and is now, a member of the Presbyterian Church in Trenton.* O that this holy fire might take more of the Presbyterians as well as all other denominations. For when this blessing is enjoyed, all will see eye to eye. Praise God for what my eyes have seen, and for what my heart has felt of *perfect love*.

There are some more in whom there has been a struggle, of late, for sanctification, and I trust the Lord will hear prayer. I find that my religion subjects me to persecution, and some Christians are hostile. Need I expect less? O for a more lamb-like disposition, to love our enemies.

Yours in the bonds of our blessed Jesus,

* * *

November 14, 1822.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—O that all would come and taste that God is love, who profess to love him. And O that all might

dwell in God, for all that dwell in Him dwell in love; no slavish fear can be where love predominates, but "perfect love casteth out all fear." Do you enjoy this? I believe you do. Why? The beloved apostle tells us, "We love him because he first loved us." Thanks to our heavenly Father for what I have tasted. Yes, I think, I believe, yea, I *know* that I have drunk from the fountain of love.

* * * * *

May Mrs. L—— find what her soul was panting after, peace, righteousness and joy in the Holy Ghost, to a *fulness*. I thank the Lord it is attainable. * * *

February 23, 1823.

DEARLY BELOVED,—This day is commemorative of a great and glorious work which the Lord wrought for me. My soul gained a spiritual conquest ten months ago this evening, never, no never to be forgotten.

Since I last addressed you, the Lord has dealt bountifully with me. O the solid peace, O the tranquillity and heavenly calm which my soul has enjoyed! But you know what it is. By me it is indescribable. Sometimes I go to the throne of grace, and my soul is all praise. Again, adoration of the incomprehensible height and depth, and length and breadth of vast redeeming love. Last night, O the precious season I enjoyed! I had a sacred nearness to God. O the sweet intercourse! My soul, my whole soul was dissolved and melted into love. My cry was, and is, Lord, *enlarge* my soul's capacity, that I may love thee more. I feel, yes I feel, that I am *cleansed*. Lord keep me clean. But eternity's too short to utter all his praise. I am nothing, Jesus is all.

"I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me."

* * * * *

Some, doubtless, are convicted for sanctification, yea, all who truly believe, yet for the most part, not expecting it before they shall be about to change worlds, do not find it till then. But if it is our privilege to enjoy this blessing a moment before death, why not a year before, and longer? And he who imparts it, is also able to *preserve* us blameless.

However the world may cavil and devils rage; yea, however some may question the attainability of *perfect love*, there are

living witnesses of it. God is raising them up daily, and methinks there will yet be scores where there is now one. Even now, come Lord Jesus. Farewell. * * *

May, 1823.

BELoved IN THE LORD,—The day on which I bid you farewell was commemorative of the most eventful era in my existence. Your mind, doubtless, readily recurs to the 23d of April, one year ago. From the circumstances of travelling, I did not enjoy much opportunity for retirement.

* * * * *

What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits! My cup this day has run over, my consolation has abounded. The good Shepherd has led me into green pastures. I have fed upon the foretastes of his love. I have found my heart too contracted to praise and bless the God of my salvation as I would. I could only say, Glory to God! Glory to God! Hallelujah to the Lamb for ever! And O how sweet I have found it to call upon God in secret. It is past description, but it is full of glory. *Perfect love* fills my soul. I have wept tears of joy, of gratitude, and praise at the feet of Jesus—called God my Father, with the spirit of adoption, and it was accompanied with power from on high. Have had this day longings to depart and be with Christ.

Yours in the best of bonds, * * *

EXTRACTS FROM RULES OF HOLY LIVING.

BY REV. ROBERT NEWSTEAD.

OF THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

“God is Light.”

Endeavor always to remember that you are in the immediate presence of God, and strive to act as you would if you saw the Savior standing by your side. Recollect that he is really there.

Always intentionally aim to please God in all things. Frequently call to mind the expression, “Thou, God, seest me.”

Be careful how you undertake any thing which you would abstain from doing if the Lord Jesus were visibly before you; or how you engage in any thing which you feel you would have to repent of in the solemn hour of your death.

Carry into all your engagements a sense of the omniscience and omnipresence of God.

Lord, all I am is known to thee ;
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

Thy all surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

OF THE ATONEMENT AND EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

“ Who was delivered for our offences.”—“ Who went about doing good.”

Repose in unshaken confidence on the sacrificial *atonement* of Christ (“who gave *himself* for us”) for acceptance with God.

Think often of those solemn words, “ *Ye are not your own* ; for ye are bought with a price : therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God’s.”

And test your experience by these : “ The love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge, that if One died for all, then were all dead : and that he died for all, that they which live *should not henceforth live unto themselves*, but unto Him who died for them and rose again.”

And remember continually that “even hereunto were ye called, because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example that ye should follow his steps.”

OF OBEDIENCE TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

“ Quench not the Spirit.”

Be unwearied, constant, ardent, in supplication for the blessed influence of the Holy Spirit.

Diligently attend to his inward monitions ; “ *for as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.*”

Aspire to the entire “sanctification of the SPIRIT.”

“Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God,” by unsanctified thoughts, by vain words, by trifling habits.

Pray much for the clear “witness” of the Holy Spirit with your spirit.

OF FAITH.

"The substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

Cultivate a deep sense of the reality of invisible things; for *"the things which are not seen are eternal."*

Exercise the spirit of faith as much as you do the act of prayer.

Be humbly and watchfully *obedient*, that faith be not clouded. Endeavor to rest upon the simple promise of God — implicitly *"believe."*

By faith we know thee strong to save,
 (Save us, a present Savior thou!)
 Whate'er we hope, by faith we have,
 Future and past subsisting now.
 To him that in thy name believes,
 Eternal life with thee is given,
 Into himself he all receives,
 Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

OF LOVE.

"God is Love."

Frequently call to mind what God, in Christ, has done *for you*. Think on what he has in *reserve* for you, if faithful. "How great is his goodness!"

Be ever striving, from the principle of divine love, to please God in all your thoughts, words and actions.

Labor to realize that inspired truth, *"He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."*

O love divine, how sweet thou art:
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by thee?
 I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me.
 God only knows the love of God;
 O that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor stony heart!
 For love I sigh, for love I pine,
 This only portion, Lord, be mine!
 Be mine this better part!

OF PRAYER.

"Pray without ceasing."

Observe *fixed* seasons of religious retirement. Jesus "continued all night in prayer."

Never proceed to any business or engagement till you have *first* implored the divine blessing.

Exercise exalted thoughts of the greatness and goodness of the Divine Being addressed in prayer.

Rest firmly on the intercession of Jesus Christ.

Humbly depend upon the aid of the Holy Spirit.

Use no expression with the lips which you do not first strive to feel at heart.

Beware of cold, formal, *abridged* seasons of prayer. *Prevailing* prayer is called "*wrestling*." "*Agonize* to enter in at the strait gate."

Labor to preserve the spirit of prayer when not engaged in the act; continually sigh for the SPIRIT.

Let your prayers be engaged in as for the *last* time.

For the Guide to Christian Perfection.

THE "INTERIOR LIFE," BY PROF. T. C. UPHAM.

This is an age of books and reading. Unfortunately, however, much that is published and read neither enlightens the mind nor improves the heart. But here is a work which will do both. To a large number of readers it will open a field of inquiry comparatively new, and at once delightful and profitable. It will lead them into regions of Christian experience too seldom explored; into greener pastures and deeper and more tranquil waters. Others, who may not find so much that is new in the thoughts, will observe a freshness and beauty in their presentation, giving them the interest of novelty.

I have read nearly every chapter, and risen from the *re-perusal* of some of them, not only with pleasure, but with aspirations after greater purity, and with clearer light upon the narrow way of its attainment. Among its many excellencies, the following appear to me to be prominent.

1. *Its perspicuity.* There are many metaphysical distinctions which have been brought into the controversy on entire holiness, by philosophical minds; and many doctrinal points not easy to state without danger of being misapprehended. A want of caution, or power of expression in the statement of these, has caused much unpleasant and unprofitable debate. These are so

stated that an opponent, if he do not assent to them, need not misconstrue their meaning.

2. *Its sentiments are a sober interpretation of the Scriptures.* Professor Upham has gone to the same source that Wesley and Fletcher did, i. e. the Word of God, to learn the extent and nature of the Christian's present religious privileges, with *essentially*, if not entirely the same results. He has listened to the same voice, and it has spoken to him the same truths; and I am glad it is likely to be echoed in a part of the church whither its sound has never gone.

3. *It is well calculated to direct and strengthen sanctified Christians.* Many, under the guidance of deeply experienced teachers whom they see but occasionally, have attained to the blessing. They will be much profited by a friend constantly near them to instruct, admonish and comfort, and such they will find in this volume.

4. Its pages can scarcely be read without a conviction of the importance of perfect love. Its beauty, its attainableness and perfect adaptation to our situation and wants, are portrayed with remarkable simplicity and power.

I therefore most cordially recommend it to the readers of the Guide, feeling assured that the reading of it will strengthen them in the grace whereunto they have attained, and lead them on to more glorious acquisitions.

Boston, Sept. 24, 1843.

Z. A. MUDGE.

DR. UPHAM'S work on the INTERIOR LIFE, published by King & Co., is one of the best books we can commend to our readers. It is thoroughly adapted to promote a profound piety. We wish our opinion were influential enough to procure it an introduction to every Methodist family. Amidst the distractions of the religious world at this moment, it is refreshing to distinguish a serene, tranquillizing voice, calling us to a purer sphere of thought, and reminding us of that internal life of love and peace, that "kingdom of God within us," which after all is the essential purport of religion. Some of these chapters were published in "The Guide." Yet the proportion of new ones is large, and to no one will the Guide supersede the book.—*Zion's Herald*.

MAXIMS FROM HENRY'S COMMENTARY.

What God takes away from his people, he will one way or other restore with advantage.

Wavering faith and wavering resolutions, give great advantage to the tempter.

A great deal of sin comes in at the eye.

A great man is but a great mass of dust, and must return to his earth.

That calling and that condition of life are best for us, and to be chosen by us, which are best for our souls.

It is an evidence of great hardness to be more concerned about our sufferings than our sins.

We cannot expect too little from man nor too much from God.

It is well if disappointment in *our* way drive us at last to *God's* way.

What we win by prayer, we must wear with praise.

Constancy is a virtue, but obstinacy is not.

Sanctified afflictions are spiritual promotions.

Foul temptations may have very fair pretences.

Those who obey divine precepts shall have the comfort of divine promises.

There is good reason that the Savior of our lives should be the Master of our lives.

Our comforts are then doubly sweet to us, when we see them coming from God's hand.

Duty is ours—events are God's.

EVANGELICAL TRACT SOCIETY.

This society have commenced their operations to increase the spread of scriptural holiness in this country. They have already published five tracts, the titles as follows:—

No. 1. Origin of the Evangelical Tract Society, its Constitution, a brief statement of the objects and sentiments of the Society, with the experience of Professor Henry Cowles and Rev. Wm. Bramwell.

No. 2. Questions, by Rev. John Wesley.

No. 3. Experience of J. B. Taylor.

No. 4. Perfect Love Attainable, by President Mahan.

No. 5. Objections to the Doctrine of Perfect Love Answered, by President Mahan.

Depository kept by D. S. King & Co., No. 1 Cornhill. Tracts sold fifteen pages for a cent.